

[Po-Buckra]

10147

Project #-1655

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FOLKLORE

(VERBATIM)

PO - BUCKRA (see [BOOK G.?] No. 52)

(Horry County) #390974

"My old Granddaddy Joe married Isba. That the way the race come on. Old lady Isba were borned after she come over here. After they come over from Ireland. Here come old Granddaddy Alf and Isba. Warn't nobody to marry much them days and here people 'll say it's a sin to marry your cousin! Well they was and here the children come and three of them dif (deaf) and dumb. Zilphy, she didn't have but ONE and she can't talk but like a cat a - meowlin'. Bible don't mention that. SAM and Zilphy two fust (first) cousin. Zilphy had went jam out o' my remembrance.

"I just can remember old Uncle Pit's sister. Was up there where his old place is to Uncle Pit's. Man run up with her, knocked her down, rolled her up in leaves and went to get a shovel to bury her and warn't long 'fore old Jack Lane was a-huntin' him with his gun. And when he got here he had Aunt Louise put the rope 'round his neck, chained him in the kitchen and kept him a week, and made a box. Warn't no church there then. Didn't think

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there was ever goin' to be no church. 'Thought they'd make a nigger buryin ground out of it.

"Galivants ferry named for the GALLOWAYS.

"I was little. I was old 'noug to hold a gun. I ain't never been to but one day of school in my life. Had a clay chimbley. [?] all 'round bein' a dirt floor. Ain't you see it these all [mighty?] educate people 'll get in more trouble than them has NONE?

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Look at the box these boys got into. I went to his home and his son was in the pen. Went to the pen for stealin' a cigret machine. And the same Judge freed a man that had two wives! Made him pay \$100 and turned him loose.

"I hired out for ten cents (10cts.) a day. I seed a hard time. They fought a war to free slaves but then that was slavery time. You 'member Grainger's store? I pulled hay (with his hands) and sold it to old man Grainger and got me a pair of shoes and a hat. Was fifteen (15) years old. Hat and shoes. My first.

"I know of old Granny goin' to 'Uncle Massey Skipper to buy a hog head. Old Granny done that to my knowin' for three pounds of wool spun and carded. Old Granny Isba. When her time come she went and hunkled right down. Was 97. Was wore out. I've knowed her to dip turnpentine like that all day and send after the old Granny woman that night. Ten chillun.

"There warn't no matches them days. Had to bed down coals at night. Lose your fire have to go borry some from a neighbor.

"I just couldn't come them wild 'taters. I don't bother with no such Ground cocoanut? They do favor 'taters. Must plow your 'taters on the shrink of the moon. We ain't been out o' taters in seven years. Don't you want a mess?

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"I heard the old folks talk 'bout that. My Old Granny dyed her own wool. Cut the indigo bush down, put it in a barrel 'bout 3 a week and let it soak. Take the hoe and stir it. I 'member how her hands looked — like brown gloves! That's how WHITE hands would look. Linsey woolsey — cotton and wool mixed. Red and blue mixed. There was flowers she called dye flowers. These here fall flowers they'll dye yaller. Sweet gum'll make the ugliest dye you ever see but it'll stay there. Ugly purple. Put that sweet gum and lard and some other little tricks — jimpsey weed root — and you got a healin' slave. Yes, man! As good a salve as you ever put to a sore.

"The old man left Moultsie. Took up with another woman to Shoe Heel. Raised another family and when he raised a fambly off'n her he up and left her and got a young girl. She brought him one baby and then his toes stuck up. It was time.

"Fore the war Ma found her a young'un. That warn't me. That were John. He comes home from the war and stay awhile and I come. Her name was Ann Eliza. Must-a been after the song: 'Ann Eliza all night long till just before day The cradle rocked and the baby cried till just before day!'"

"Got no more to say. I laid all such meanness as that down. Don't have that hardly to study 'bout.

"Jenny sweepin' up the kitchen with a brand new broom'. Know that's a jig tune. Ma used to wouldn't let us sing such as that. I'd have to steal off to the lot behind the barn or way down in the woods by myself to sing'em. She'd whip us young'uns if we'd sing a 4 jig. Wouldn't let Retha read story books. But Retha would read'em anyway. She did love story books. Them true story books'll tell you how the world is goin' today. Ma'd say: 'Read your Bible. These here doins not goin' carry you straight!'

"I've got a toy. I seen him conduct a prayer-meetin' good as any preacher in the settlement. And now the devil's got him tossin'.

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"I saw one man made him a house like a 'tater hill. Straw inside. When he wanted to fiddle he'd climb on the ridge pole. His house ketched fired and he saved his fiddle and let his furniture get burnt up. He worked turpentine.

"To home? There's Bud and old man 'H' and Mammy and old man Dave."

SOURCE: Old man from Loris —near CONWAY, S. C.

August 1938.